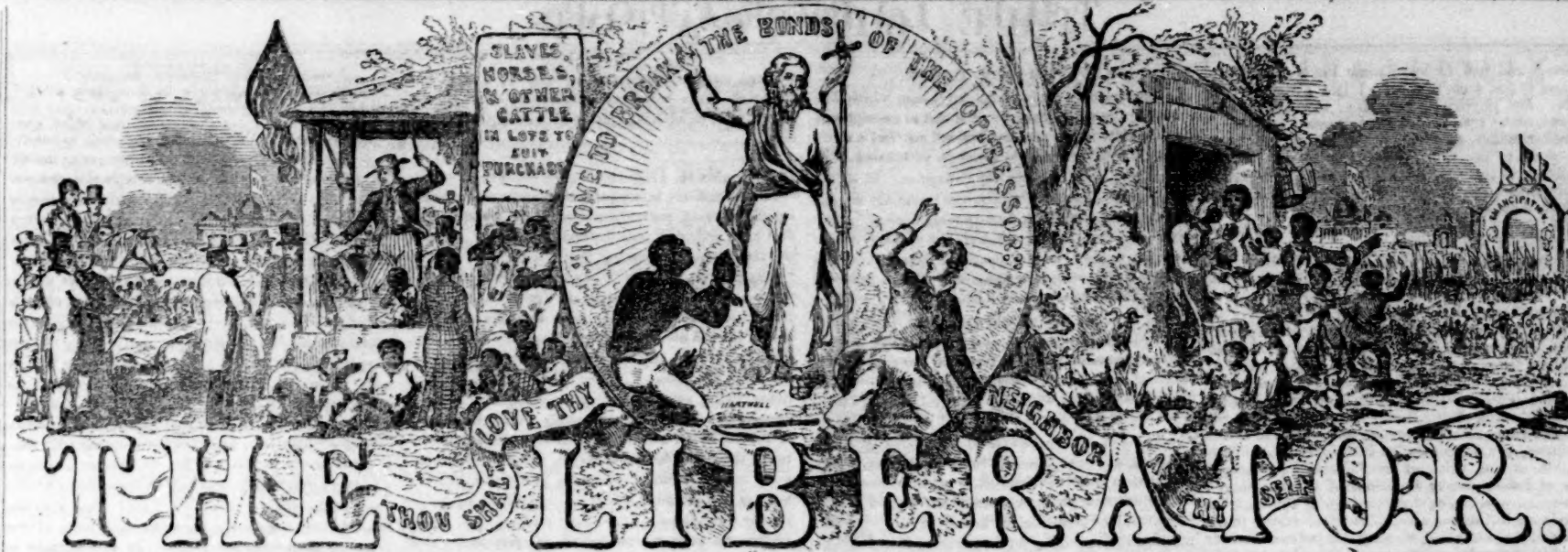


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The following gentlemen constitute the Financial Committee, but are not responsible for any of the contents of the paper, viz: — FRANCIS JACKSON, ELIAS GAY LORING, EDWARD QUINCY, SAMUEL PHILLIPS, and WENDELL PHILLIPS.



NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.
The United States Constitution is 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell.'
The free States are the guardians and essential supports of slavery. We are the jailers and constables of the institution. . . . There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but they are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke. On this subject, OUR FATHERS, IN FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, SWEPTED FROM THE RIGHT. We their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk in it. To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution. . . . No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong doing. To this conviction the free States are tending.
— WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.
Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.
VOL. XXVII. NO. 49. BOSTON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1857. WHOLE NUMBER, 1404.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.
REFORMERS.
No quality is more conspicuous in the pseudo-philanthropy of every age than that of self-conceit. It has indeed been a prominent feature in their compositions, but even this saving apology cannot be paid for all of the tribe. David Hume, for example, was a man of genius and requirements, but that his mind was swollen with self-conceit is proved by various facts in his history, as, for instance, by the style in which he announced to the world his sublime discovery in moral science, that we should overthrow one of the principal pillars on which the Christian system rests—miracles. These are his words: 'I flatter myself that I have discovered an argument—whichever, if just, will with the wisest and learned be an everlasting check to all kinds of superstitious delusion, and consequently will be as long as the world endures. For so long, I presume, will the accounts of miracles and prodigies be found in all history, sacred and profane.' Does the history of presumption and self-conceit furnish a more flagrant example? From Campbell down to our own eloquent Everett, has this daring self-reliance and overthrusting, in a manner worthy of immortal truth and divine philosophy. To Paine was a different sort of reformer, who supported his lack of argument with a torrent of ribaldry as vile as his own personal habits. He boasted of his 'Age of Reason,' while pouring out the most contemptible rags. He declared, with infinite solemnity and impudence, that his single aim should be to enlighten men in the doctrines of a new reformation, founded on principles of pure reason. He administered his analyses in the form of lectures, in 1827, to dozing congregations in the Hall of Representatives at Washington. He produced immense success in this free country. But his power and his doctrines have long since gone down to the level of the 'straw man.'
Schools of reformers without the Bible have since filled our shores. They have risen up among us, and their business is to throw about firebrands, anarchy and death. W. L. Garrison is noted among them. Among their nefarious practices, not the least conspicuous is that of perverting the Bible, and assailing the benevolent institutions of the age. They are accustomed to speak 'great swelling words,' and they delight to 'speak evil of dignities.' With characteristic self-conceit, they imagine that people are free from such masters of degradation. But while we endure them, though we cannot cure them, it is the province of cool and conscientious Northern men to erect barriers against the raging flood, and stand up boldly for the rights of the glorious Constitution, for the individual, Union, and the freedom and privileges of the Church, which is protected by the public sentiment, and enjoys many blessings under that Union. The South may well be thankful for the peace and prosperity she enjoys, even in this time of calamity. Perhaps the clamor of irreligious abolitionists have been signally rebuked by the progress of events, and the powerful expression of the public sentiment. We look for still greater improvement in those who are not utterly incorrigible, and hope the best for all.

The Liberator.

THE SCHOOLS IN NEWBURYPORT.
NEWBURYPORT, Nov. 21, 1857.
DEAR SIR:
I thought a few facts relative to the public schools of your native city would be of some interest to you. The annual examinations have been progressing for some two weeks. Commendable improvement is manifest in all the schools throughout the city. The interest on the part of parents is increasing from year to year. The Female High School was opened for the reception of pupils in 1843. There was much opposition to its establishment by many of the old fogies, who thought females had no right to be educated, but were to be left to grope through the world in ignorance, to be the dupes and lackeys of tyrants and oppressors. Many a poor girl, bleeding the God that put it into the hearts of Rev. Thomas B. Fox and others in this place to advocate this ministry of learning, and fight their way through bigotry and prejudice to its establishment. A portion of the teachers in our primary and grammar schools are young ladies, who by the loss of parents and other causes were thrown on their own resources to work their way through the world, and who have, by their attention to their studies in this most excellent institution, placed themselves in a situation to earn a comfortable livelihood, and in some cases to do much towards the comfort and happiness of aged parents.
Last Tuesday was the annual examination of this Female High School. At an early hour, the hall was full, and hundreds went away who could not get in. It is now under the care of most excellent teachers, both as respects morals and all other qualifications that go to make good teachers.—Mr. Todd as Principal, Miss Green and Miss Clarkson as Assistants. One peculiar trait of this school is, no corporal punishment has been administered since its organization. The pupils are made to understand that they must keep themselves in order, and to respect themselves, which they invariably do. So much so, that every one, on visiting the school, is struck with the respect and kindness with which the pupils treat their teachers and each other, and the respect paid to all visiting the school.
After concluding the very interesting exercises by the pupils, which consisted of recitations in English and Latin, dialogues in Latin and English, and reading the paper published by the members of the school, (in which the deaths and marriages of its past members are announced, and which contains a very ingenious editorial, in which the names of every member of the school, the teachers and committee, were mentioned, with their traits of character, business, &c., in a very happy and amusing manner,) diplomas were presented to twelve young ladies, by Rev. Mr. Fisk, Chairman of the Committee for this school, in a very neat and appropriate speech, while his pleasant countenance gave them assurance that he was their friend. Notice was given by Mr. Fisk that the Committee would not occupy the time, but would cheerfully give way for remarks from gentlemen present, among whom were John Porter, Esq., (who has always taken great interest in the education of the young, so much so, that every year, at his own expense, he takes one school some four miles to the Laurel ground, where the day is passed in a happy and profitable manner,) Hon. H. W. Kinsman, William Ashby, Deacon Wm. Thurston, George J. L. Colby and others. Remarks were made by Rev. Dr. Dimmick, very appropriate to the occasion. Hon. H. W. Kinsman made a very neat and practical speech, calculated to benefit all present, after which Rev. Mr. Vermyle was called upon. He said—Mr. Chairman, I have nothing to say, but will say one word, that is, in all the exercises this afternoon, I have not heard in dialogue or speech, one word on politeness. It is important that young ladies should be polite. To be polite, you would not imitate the Women's Rights women—for instance, Abby Kelley Foster, a woman with a broad face, coarse skin, great veins in her neck, and very unbecomingly. He said he should not want such a wife. He wanted a wife who would be willing to conform to his wishes, and be willing to be influenced by her husband. At this point, a voice from the platform, which was heard by all in the room, said, 'You are mistaken in the woman.' The Rev. speaker remarked, 'I am told I am mistaken in the person,' dropped the thread of his subject, and after a few words, sat down. George J. L. Colby, Esq., editor of the *Herald*, followed. He said life was made up of trifles. Little things must be done to make up a life of usefulness; and for models of goodness, he held up Miss Dix, Miss Nightingale, and Mrs. Patten. His remarks were listened to with much attention, and closed the exercises of the evening.
I was sorry the Rev. gentleman, on such an occasion, went out of his way to hold up a woman to scorn and contempt. He is not worthy to carry her old shoes; and long after his name is forgotten, will the name of ABBY KELLEY be remembered with gratitude and love. He talked about a 'coarse skin.' If true, who is to blame? It is not his fault that he does not speak plain. In undertaking to say, 'Good morning, uncle John,' he would be likely to say, 'Good morned, uncle Jod.' Either the machinery of his nose is out of order, or he thinks it a want of politeness to use a handkerchief in public. 'Coarse skin, red face, and unbecomingly,' is word for word as used by Rev. Mr. Fletcher in describing the women who work in the vineyards of Italy, which is somewhat remarkable; but as men of large attainments often use the same language, it would be wrong to say that he stole Mr. Fletcher's thunder for this occasion.
Yours truly,
A SPECTATOR.

ADDRESS OF REV. WM. H. FURNESS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

At the last annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, held at West Chester, an admirable address was delivered by that devoted and estimable friend of the slave—of humanity in all its suffering phases—Rev. WILLIAM H. FURNESS, of Philadelphia, whose pulpit testimonies against the colossal sin of our land have been frequent and uncompromising for many years past. The *Anti-Slavery Standard* of the 14th ult. contains the address entire. Here is an instructive portion of it:—
'Just ponder now what we are witnessing. It is well worth noting. People are dreadfully afraid of becoming too much interested in the idea of Justice. This is the one terror with which this great nation trembles from head to foot. It is frightened out of its intelligence, otherwise so bold, at the most distant prospect of having this simple idea urged upon the consciences of men. For years, every body, inspired by this fear, has become prophetic, foretelling that if the people of this country were to become so enamored with the idea of Justice as to set to work to realize it, according to every one, black and white, his just rights, disunion and uproar, and I know not what of mischief, would result.
Now, while people are frightened almost out of their wits at a zeal that might be kindled for the eternal law of justice, and while they have been predicting a thousand disastrous consequences to flow from it, there has not been the shadow of a fear of the effects of a zeal for money and money-making. Here we have all been perfectly at ease and unconcerned, while every thing was being done to inflame the passion for gain to a white heat. What a show has been made of wealth, bewildering and intoxicating the imagination of every young man! How calmly has the whole world looked on with no trembling foreboding, while honor and conscience have been staked and lost in the game thousands of times! We give the love of riches full play. What pains have we spared in stimulating that? We have not had the slightest dread of a fanaticism which has money for its idol. O, no! there is no fear of that. It is only when Justice and Humanity are in question, only when some monstrous wrong is perpetrated in the name and by the officers of the Law, only when the Habeas Corpus act, that world-renowned writ for the protection of personal liberty, is perverted to the base uses of chattel slavery, only when some fugitive slave mother lays murderous hands upon her child to save it from the hell of slavery—it is only on some occasion when the public mind is on the point of bursting out into a light blaze of passion for the Right—it is only then that people beseech us for God's sake to keep cool, and to take care that our feelings do not run away with us, for if they should, heaven only knows what would come of it, into what abysses of woe they would hurry us!
And yet, look, friends, and see what has now come upon the country, from that rage for gain, of which we have never had any fear, which we have done so much to exasperate, and which has gone steadily on, consuming the whole life of the nation to such a degree that we have lost, what millions of dollars cannot compensate us for, the power to appreciate the worth and sovereign obligation of Justice. This is the deadliest mischief by far that has done, the more deadly because people are not conscious of it. But it has had other and more palpable effects, effects which the blindest see and the hardest feel. And Trade, Trade, which is so cowardly as to tremble at every loud word spoken, yes, and at every whisper breathed for Right and for Freedom, Trade is now in utter confusion, wrapt in the deepest gloom. The very ground on which it stood has gone from under it. What has done all this mischief? What has thrown every thing into such sudden disorder? Has the Fugitive Slave Law been repealed? Has the Dred Scott decision been repented of by the Judges of the Supreme Court sitting in sackcloth seven days and seven nights, and flinging dust and ashes on their heads? Has Mr. Buchanan, in some unguarded moment, losing the fear of the Slave Power, uttered some self-evident truth, such as, for example, that all men have equal rights to life and liberty? Or has he, through the grace of God, in some moment of extraordinary inspiration, discovered and declared that this Government was intended not to protect Slavery, but to secure the blessings of Liberty?
Something of this kind must certainly have occurred to cause all this trouble; for it has been insisted upon for years, that nothing else could disturb the general prosperity but some insane or wicked attempt, on the part of the infidel Abolitionists, to move the country to do justly, and carry out into full practice the principles of its own boasted Declaration.
But nothing of the kind just mentioned has happened. There has been no great hubbuck struck for Freedom, no extraordinary conversion of any high officer of the Government; Mr. Garrison has not been nominated for the United States Senate, nor Mr. Phillips so much as thought of for the Governorship of Massachusetts. Neither has there been any zeal for righteousness agitating the people at large. We have all been as quiet on this score as if we had no idea of any thing of the kind. The Government is understood to have been doing its very best to discharge what it maintains to be its duty, namely, to protect the right of property in human flesh as a right equally sacred with any right. No enthusiasm for Justice is chargeable with the present distresses. A great public calamity has come upon us; and, wonderful to tell, it not only has not been caused by the crazy Abolitionists, but nobody, North or South, has as yet even thought of laying the blame of it on them.
I tell you what, my friends, if the present condition of things had been brought about through the outbreaking of a mighty passion for Liberty, if this sacred enthusiasm had seized the popular mind, and had prompted us to brave deeds and heroic sacrifices, if in this way trade had become deranged, and commercial failures had been caused, we should have had a consolation that would have compensated us a thousand fold for the greatest losses; the consolation, proud and glorious, of suffering for that cause for which the greatest Truth-speaker that the world has ever known bade his friends rejoice and be exceeding glad to suffer; the consolation of entering, by the fellowship of suffering, into the immortal friendship of the

good and the great, the heroes and martyrs of all time.

Then those who would have been made poor would have been loaded with honors, made rich in the blessings of those who were ready to perish, rich in the lasting homage of mankind, rich in the grace of Almighty God.
But the present distress has been caused by no generous outbreak for Liberty, and, consequently, we know nothing of that abounding consolation, that divine exultation, with which a great cause always solaces and rewards all those who suffer for it. Quite another kind of enthusiasm has done the mischief. Not the sacred furor of Freedom filling the most sordid minds with great thoughts, and lifting us out of ourselves, but the thickest selfishness, rendering us wholly insensible to the wrongs of the slave, driving us into the maddest courses—this it is, no outside pressure, no interference from without, but the soul of Trade itself has caused all the ruin. And what have we to comfort us? It has all been caused, they say, by our own folly and extravagance. This stands confessed as one chief source of the present troubles, our own selfishness and sin, the least consoling, the most humiliating cause one can possibly suffer for.
If we would only learn now to transfer the dread we have of a zeal for Freedom from that to a zeal for gain, could we learn to be less afraid of a passion for Justice, and more afraid of a passion for money, we might turn the present calamity to some account, and make something out of it more enduring than the wealth that has been lost, and save ourselves moreover from a recurrence of such evil times. For my own part, I cannot for a single instant imagine, if the universal heart of this people had been one half as much interested in the idea of Right as it has been in the idea of wealth, how any evil consequences could possibly have ensued. I cannot be afraid of the Right. I cannot anticipate any thing but good from it. Before the ever-deepening splendor of that great Idea, burning in the souls of men, darting its lightnings from their eyes, pouring its celestial harmonies from their lips, all wrong and oppression would have melted away long ago amidst the swelling thunders of popular acclamations. That is what we should have witnessed long since, for that would be the speedy and natural effect of an enthusiasm for Justice, kindled in the souls of men. What a thrilling sight it would be, worth any ordinary life-time many times over—the popular mind caught up from the dust in which it grovels, into the fiery chariot of this divine insanity!
Will that sight ever be granted us? Shall we ever see the heavens open, and the spirit of the Highest descend upon the lowest? We fondly thought we were going to witness something of the kind last year. There was a great stirring all over the North. It looked as if the Free States were then about to be moved by the divine afflatus, and to do battle victoriously with the powers of darkness. They surely had cause enough to bestir themselves. I cannot easily conceive how they can ever have greater cause. What fuel then was furnished for the flame is fresh in the recollection of you all; the violation of a sacred compact, the invasion of a territory consecrated to Freedom, by the ruffian power of Slavery, and, in addition to, and more than these two causes, the outrage perpetrated within the sacred walls of the Senate Chamber, than which History has nothing more shameful to record. The savage blows then and there rained down upon the honored head of the representative of the most venerable of these States, fell as directly upon all that was noble in the free Northern heart, and awoke and diffused a spirit that seemed for a time to promise to unite the North as one man in resistance to the cherished iniquity of the land. That spirit was earnest for a time, and so wide-spread, as well-nigh to deceive the very elect. Some were there of those who are principally against taking part in political action for the abolition of slavery, who profess to put their sole trust, for the doing away of the great Wrong, in Truth, in Reason, in Conscience, in Religion—some of that small company were so carried away by the public excitement of last fall as actually to vote, and so put on the harness of a political party. They have since been sorry, I do not doubt, for this defection. For my own part, I had very confident hopes that something was certainly to come from such an imposing demonstration, but I was saved from the inconsistency of giving a vote, and of so manifesting a want of confidence in the power of Truth.
For, as is now very clear, the spirit that was aroused was by no means equal to the occasion. It was not the spirit that is born of the highest sense of personal honor, and the profoundest conviction of the supreme value of Freedom. It was checked—damped down by a slavish concern for the stability of the Union. And while it gave utterance to a good deal of Anti-Slavery sentiment, and even with a frightened glance peeped occasionally at the precipice over which the Union might possibly slide; yet it clamored to maintain friendship and collusion with the Slave Power. It did not say outright to the South, as a decent self-respect prompted: 'Talk not to us of the Union any longer. The word is growing hateful in our ears, for it only reminds us of our dishonor. These gross frauds and outrages of yours have extinguished the value of Freedom. It was checked—damped down by a slavish concern for the stability of the Union. 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man whom justice would have awarded a different fate.

And now let us turn to the counterpart of this tragic scene. The influence of that consternation which had spread over the city was not long in finding its way to the citadel, a sort of fort commanding the city from the east. On the flat in front were three brass field-pieces, which a few artillerymen had wheeled out, loaded, and made ready to belch forth that awful signal, which the initiated translate into these words: "Proceed to the onslaught." At the alarm-bell's first tap, these guns were made ready; at the second, matchlocks were lighted by men who stood in breathless suspense, waiting the third and fatal peal from the guard-house bell. That peal might have proved the death-knell of thousands of human beings. As the crash of musketry echoed and re-echoed through the air, a confused gunner applied the match. Two vivid flashes, and the booming of the guns rung successively over the city. The third would have conveyed the awful summons. (3) At that moment, attitudes of holding pistols and daggers at the breast of their terrified but faithful servants—those, perhaps, whose only crime was sincerity and an earnest attachment to their master's interests. Had a third cannon belched forth, these faithful servants had fallen victims of fear at the feet of their deluded masters. Happily, an act of heroism (which I will here record to the honor of him who discharged it) saved the city that bloody climax one sickening while contemplating. As a gunner was about to apply the match to the third gun, a distinguished citizen of Charleston, (Judge Cooper, I believe, ran before it, and cried out at the top of his voice, "For heaven's sake, stop!" The gunner stood motionless, as the man ran to him, snatched the blazing torch from his hand, and quenched it upon the ground. Thus did he save the city that awful scene which the misdirected laws of a State would have been accountable for to civilization and the world.

Let the reader contemplate the moral of these much talked of insurrections.

Note 2. I give the picture as it has been many times described to me by distinguished citizens of Charleston; and by none more graphically than by a gentleman who took an active part in suppressing the outbreak. The names inserted in the extract only are fictitious, Judge Cooper's excepted.

Note 3. Certain alarm bells are rung in case of an attempt at insurrection by the slaves; and, if accompanied by the firing of three cannon, is the signal for an onslaught upon the blacks. The writer, on asking a gentleman who he exhibited so much fear, why he deemed it necessary to put to the sword his faithful servants, answered thus: "Slaves, no matter of what order, sympathize with one another in the general condition of slavery. How, then, could I leave my family to the caprice of their feelings, while I sought the scene of action to aid in suppressing the outbreak?"

MR. BENTON ON THE DRED SCOTT CASE.

TO GEORGE ROBERTSON, Esq., Ex-Chief Justice, &c., Lexington, Ky.

DEAR SIR: I have read with infinite gratification your publications in the *National Intelligencer*, on the decision of the Supreme Court on the Missouri Compromise act, and concur with you most heartily, as you will soon see in the 6th volume of the *Abridgment of the Debates of Congress*, now in the press. The Missouri Compromise act, which I have also in an "Examination" which I have in a volume of 200 pages, likewise now in the same press, and quickly to appear. This decision—that part of it which relates to the nullity of the Missouri Compromise act, and to the self-extension of the Constitution to Territories—is the heaviest political blow that ever fell upon my heart, and left me in a state of total impossibility of remaining silent under it. I view it as you do—as dreadfully wrong in itself, and entirely extrajudicial, and of no more weight than the opinion of any half dozen equally respectable citizens coming to the same conclusion. (In much part,) upon inconsistent, and, in many respects, contradictory grounds. That compromise act was a political enactment, made by the political power, for political reasons, and these reasons among the largest that ever influenced human legislation—no less than to reconcile a divided and distracted country, and to prevent our sacred Union from splitting asunder. As such political enactment, the Court had no right to judge it; even if the Missouri act had come fairly before it, which it did not; for the Judiciary cannot judge political questions, neither of right nor in fact; for these questions depend upon considerations of policy which the Judiciary cannot touch, and not upon the interpretation of phrases, to which the Court is confined. The same of the self-extension of the Constitution to Territories: it was a political question, as to where that Constitution should extend; and it was limited by its own words to States; and has been so acted upon by every Congress, and by all authorities, (State and Federal, Legislative, Executive and Judicial,) from the commencement of the Federal Government to the present day. And I venture the assertion, that there has not been a single member of Congress, in the seventy years in which Congress has been held, who has not voted for objects in the Territories (local internal improvements, for example) which they would not vote for in a State; and upon the express ground that the Constitution did not extend to Territories. The ordinance of 1787, which gave a charter to the Territories as a sovereign gives a charter to its subjects; and as such was made in concert with the Constitution, as you well say, and indispensable to the formation of the Constitution; and as such was provided for—doubly provided for—in the new Government: first, by the clause in the Constitution which declares all the "engagements" of the Congress of the Confederation to remain in full force; and, secondly, by the act of the new Congress of Aug. 7, 1789—the eighth act passed by the first Congress under Washington—adopting that ordinance to the new Constitution, and adopting it in every word which it contained as a law of the new Government.

You will see in the *Abridged Debates* (the notes as well as the text) that full justice is done to yourself and to all the patriotic men who acted with you in that great measure of reconciliation and pacification; and also in my "Examination" of the Court's opinion—that part of it which I deem political and extra-judicial, and *other* details. As for what concerned the individuals before the Court, and parties in the record, I have nothing to say. That part was judicial; and whether right or wrong, fully gotten hold of and decided, I left it alone; for it was the decision of the tribunal of highest resort; and the peace and good order of society require all questions of personal rights to be settled and done with. But in this political decision, in which the Supreme Court acted upon a question beyond its jurisdiction, and judged it in as a tail to a question of negro freedom, and in which it decided upon a view of the Constitution, which had no more to do with it than the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and then reversed the action of the Government for seventy years, and made a new Constitution in all that relates to Territorial legislation: in such case I have felt it to be my duty, as one of the few survivors of the old school, to raise my voice against it, and to appeal to the candid intelligence of my fellow-citizens to come to the defense of our Constitution, such as our fathers made it, and as it was administered for two generations.

I mean what I say. When I say the Supreme Court had as well been looking into Robinson Crusoe as looking into the Constitution of the United States for the power of Congress to legislate for Territories; for it is not there, but in the ordinance of '87, adopted by the Constitution and by the first Congress under Washington, and in their right as sovereign proprietors having a right to govern what they have a right to acquire, and becomes their duty under the State cession acts, and under the treaties of cession. The "useful rules and regulation clause," as the Court said, gave no power to govern the Territories; it only applied to property, and that the property of the United States—its territory, *id est*, land, and its other property, *id est*, personal estate. It conferred no powers of government, and that for the reason known to everybody at the time, and to nobody (hardly) now, *viz*: because the government of the Territories was provided for in another place—namely, in the ordinance of 1787, and protected by a clause in the Constitution, and adopted by Congress August 7th, 1789, in the right of sovereign proprietors. The Court looked in the wrong place to find the power of Congress to legislate for Territories.

I was breaking down under the appalling attack which fell upon me when I was writing the "Exam-

ination," and had to leave some heads unfinished, and also to add some part after I had given up this world. My physician, Dr. May, saw with astonishment that I rose from what he knew I considered the bed of death, (and which he feared to be so,) and went to my table and wrote. I was adding something to the "Examination," and could hardly refrain from a postscript: "This is my political testament, written with a dying hand." Well! I did not die, but I have to; and will die upon the truth and justice of what I wrote.

Among the heads sketched, but not filled up, are the Florida Territorial transactions of 1821, in which Gov. Jackson, commissioned with the power of a Captain-General and Intendant of Cuba, under an act of Congress continuing temporarily the Spanish system of Government in that Territory, and in which he found occasion to act up to the letter of the law and commission, uniting in himself the supreme, civil, military, executive, and judicial functions, using the military for his arm, and his own fiat for authority, sending Gov. Calles to the calabozo, and having Judge Fremont brought before him at the point of the bayonet for issuing a writ of *habeas corpus* in behalf of the imprisoned Governor; and having divers others by the heels for complicity in Calles's fault, to wit, refusing to deliver up, and intending to carry off judicial records on which depended claims to orphan children who had been despoiled of their father's property for fifteen years; and all which actings and doings of Gov. Jackson, exercising over Florida the powers of a Captain-General and Intendant of Cuba, were approved expressly by the Monroe administration, (and you know who composed that administration,) and implicitly sanctioned by each House of Congress in their refusal to act upon the complaints of the incarcerated officers; and all upon the ground that the Constitution of the United States did not extend to a Territory, and that no act of Congress had carried into Florida any of its provisions—any *habeas corpus* act, any jury trial, or any writ, general or special, or any security against seizure of persons, search of houses, or capture of papers and effects. This head, growing out of the transactions in Florida, so recent in date, and so up to the exigency of our argument, was merely named and sketched in the "Examination," but afterward well developed in the forthcoming sixth volume of the *Abridgment*.

In the same "Examination" will be seen the manner in which the act abrogating the Missouri Compromise was passed, and the objects for which it was passed, and of which it was only the first step and wedge; whereof the good people of the United States are at present profoundly ignorant, for telegraph reporting has about killed all popular knowledge of Congress proceedings, confining their reports to results, too brief and meager to show how Congress acts; and yet this is almost the only report of Congress doings which the people will read in this go-ahead age of steam and electricity.

It is a long time since we saw each other, and what is called politics have sadly run down since that time, and especially in the last Presidential term, presenting but little for the attraction of any man who has nothing but the public good in view; but here is a question of a new kind, national and elevated, on which all who are for the Constitution as our fathers made it, and as they administered it, are bound to take a deep and special consideration, and above all others to challenge our sympathy and assistance. "Sweet are the uses of adversity,"—and doubtless sweet will be, if it shall bring us into the closest unity of soul and spirit with him who has nothing but the public good in view, who rights lie bleeding in the dust, and who is bought and sold with the beasts that perish. For such, limited as our means may be, we can do something, and we are bound to contribute to his necessities;—and how can we do this so effectively as by aiding the Anti-Slavery cause in a crisis like the present?

These times are far more perilous to men's souls than to their pockets. There is great danger that they will be made a pretext why the heart should cease to feel, the hand to open, the mind to devise liberal things. The land is full of abundance, and as rich as it was six months ago, when all looked bright and prosperous; yet almost every body seems to be afflicted with chronic poverty, and a rich man cannot be found. Now is the time for an apostolic voice to be heard, thundering in every ear, "Beware of covetousness!" It is the time to enforce the truthful declaration, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord, and he shall reward him." Let there be no halting, no look or tone of discouragement, no prophesying failure in a manner to procure it, no concluding that nothing can be done, no resolve to keep the purse-strings closed, no diversion to any other part of the field, friends of the oppressed! Be just in your dealings, careful in your calculations, and considerate in your expenditures; but allow nothing to drive you into meanness, to bring upon you the curse of selfishness, to relax your zeal "in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction." If it is really not in your power to give as liberally as you have hitherto done, do not let this be an excuse for doing nothing. If this must be the day of small things, let it not be despised. If there are no costly gifts to be cast into the treasury of the Lord, there remain at least the two mites; and these shall obtain the divine benediction, and carry with them a divine potency.

Hard as are the times, money can be easily raised in furtherance of filibustering and slavery-extension. That desperate marauder and piratical adventurer, the *so-called* "General Walker," is well supplied with men and arms to make another descent upon Nicaragua, for the sole purpose of extending the area of slavery; because the Southern oligarchy are resolute in purpose, and of an indomitable spirit. But when the all-seeing and wealthy North is implored to show as much zeal in the sacred cause of liberty, and to be as liberal in furnishing the means to make that cause gloriously victorious, the reply is, "The times are hard—not a farthing to give now—wait a little longer!"

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POETRY.

THE GIFT OF TRITHEMIUS.

[The following poem, which appears in the first number of the new Boston magazine, the *Athenae Monthly*, is said to be from the pen of John G. Whittier.]

TritheMIus Heribolus, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from beneath a miserable voice—
A sound that seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot rose, the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward, broken by that cry,
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with gray hair aflow,
And withered hands stretched up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried: "For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save,
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's gallery, where the sun-suit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis!" "What can I give," TritheMIus said—"my prayers." "O man of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
"Mock me not so; I ask not prayers, but gold:
Words cannot serve me, alms alone suffice;
Even while I plead, perchance my first-born dies."

"Woman!" TritheMIus answered, "from our door
None go unfed; hence we are always poor.
A single sou'ld is our only store—
Thou hast our prayers, what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix;
God will may spare them to his friends sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead."

Then said TritheMIus, "Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it; and our gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon His altar piled!
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child!"

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He laid within the beggar's open palms,
And as she vanished down the linen shade,
He bowed his head, and for forgiveness prayed.
So the day passed; and when the twilight came,
He rose to find the chapel all aflame,
And dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

MY MOTHER'S SONG—SWEET HOME.

How oft we hear those gentle words!
We hear them breathed in song,
When music bursts from happy hearts
That still to joy belong!
When rays of daylight dawn,
Or when the shadows fall,
We hear the gladdest echoes tell
"Sweet home!" hath charms for all.
Those simple words!—that plaintive air!
My mother sang the strain
In days gone past, in happy days,
That may not come again!
She sang it by the household hearth,
Our father sitting by,
And smiles were playing on his lips,
But tear-drops filled his eyes.
"On earth, there is no place like home,"
She taught my lips to say,
But all that made my home so dear
Long since has passed away.
We hear no more her gentle voice,
At morning or at even;
She has an angel's golden harp,
Her song is heard in heaven.
I hear it sung by others now,
And o'er my soul, the while,
Steal memories, sad and true, that bring
A tear-drop and a smile!
And, oh! 'tis sweet, e'er now, to hear
Those thrilling murmurs fall;
"Home, home, sweet home!" 'tis not of earth,
Heaven hath a home for all!

THE EVENINGS.

BY CHARLES MACKEY.

In the summer evenings,
When the wind blew low,
And the skies were radiant
With the sunset glow,
Thou and I were happy
Long, long years ago,
Love, the young and hopeful,
Hovered o'er us twain,
Filled us with sad pleasure
And delicious pain.
In the summer evenings,
Wandering in the lane,
In the winter evenings,
When the wind roared,
Blustering at the chimney,
Piping at the door,
Thou and I were happy,
As in days of yore;
Love still hovers o'er us,
Robed in white attire,
Drawing heavenly music
From an earthly lyre,
In the winter evenings,
Sitting by the fire.

THE PLOW.

God speed the plowman! I tell me not
Disgrace attends the toil
Of those who plow the dark green sod,
Or till the fruitful soil.
Why should the honest plowman shrink
From mingling in the van
Of learning and of wisdom, since
"His mind that makes the man?"
God speed the plowman, and the hands
That till the fruitful earth!
For there is in this world so wide
No gem like honest work.
And though the hands are dark with toil,
And flushed the manly brow,
It matters not, for God will bless
The labors of the plow.

THE WIFE.

On earth, to man there is but one
His heart can love, his soul can own:
Though myriads flit before his view,
There is but one to whom he true—
That one can sway him to and fro;
Can make him drain the cup of woe;
Can give him joy, or blast his life;
And that one's name is simply wife.
But in that name a world is sphere'd,
A world by all beloved, revered,
Who have the sense to know its worth,
And spurn the gaudy joys of earth;
For that full heart in her dear breast—
Is rightly prized—eternal rest—
Is not with blase sweet-words more,
Than that pure heart—a loving wife.

PAY THE PRINTER.

Pay the printer—pay the printer—
All remember his due;
In cold winter, freezing winter,
He wants cash as well as you.

SOUTHERN ATROCITIES AND HORRORS.

A FRESH CHAPTER—READ THE RECORD.

Two Negroes Burned Alive.—A correspondent of the Camden (Ark.) Herald, writing from Hamburg, Ashley county, Ark., under date of the 19th ult., furnishes us with the horrible details of a cruel and atrocious crime recently committed in that locality.

The good citizens of Extra Township, lying some twelve miles south of this place, were, on Wednesday morning last, thrown into a high state of excitement by the commission of one of the most brutal and atrocious murders that was ever perpetrated. The particulars of this dreadful affair, so far as I have been able to gather them, are as follows:

There lived in Extra Township a white lady named Hill. She being sick, and having no one to wait on her, one of her neighbors, J. L. May, sent a negro woman to attend her. On Friday night last (according to the subsequent confession of one of the negroes), her house was entered by a white man named Miller, and two negro men, one belonging to a Mr. Noy and the other to a Mr. Perkins. After violating the person of the unfortunate woman by the indulgence of her hellish appetites, they coolly and deliberately murdered her. The negro woman attempted to escape, but it was all in vain, for she had not got outside of the gate, when she was seized and cruelly murdered. The bodies of the two negroes were then placed in the house, and it set on fire and consumed to ashes.

The next morning, all the negroes in the neighborhood were summoned, for the ostensible purpose of working on the road, but in fact for the purpose of obtaining, as far as possible, the perpetrators of the crime. One of the guilty negroes, fearing detection, would not stand an examination, and broke from the party, mounted his master's horse, and made his escape to the woods. The next day, however, he was decaying in by another negro, was arrested, and confessed the whole matter, implicating the above-named Miller and the two negroes. The two negroes were to-day, in the presence of an excited multitude, and upon the spot where the murder was committed, burned at the stake. The man Miller was present, and the negro who confessed told him to his face that he was guilty, and even from the very flames he approached him with having been the cause of the horrible deed. The other negro protested to the very last that he was innocent of the crime, and that he knew nothing of the murder.

The excitement has spread all over the county, and fears are entertained that some difficulty may grow out of the transaction between the owners of the negroes, and the parties acting in the premises.

A Louisiana Free Fight.—The Red River American has seen a private letter giving the following account of a frightful occurrence which lately disturbed the parish of Calcasieu:

"The facts, as near as have been ascertained, are that a white man named Charles had been for several weeks making violent threats against the lives of James M. Wilburn, Benton Wilburn, William and Jackson McGee.

On Saturday, the 12th inst., Hart and his son went to the residence of Benton Wilburn, and told him that his time had now been limited to two hours; that he would most assuredly kill him, as well as the other parties above named; that they had then ample warning to leave the county, and now they intended killing them, whether they were willing to leave or not. From thence they went to James Wilburn's, and made similar threats. They then went to a neighbor's a mile or two off, and told him that they had said and done at the Wilburns. On the following day, Mrs. Wilburn sent a girl to one of her neighbors, requesting him to come over and see what all the firing of guns near her house meant. Two gentlemen went, as requested; as they entered the lane, they discovered the lifeless bodies of Hart and his son—the latter had his gun in his hands, ready for firing. These bodies were completely filled with buck shot. The Wilburns, having heard without a struggle. The two Wilburns and one of the McGees have been missing since the dreadful occurrence.

The parties on whom suspicion rested as the murderers gave themselves up to the officers. They had their trial before Justice Evans, in Calcasieu parish, by whom they were acquitted. They appear to have been twenty in number, were in attendance at the trial. As soon as the prisoners were acquitted, they took possession of them, saying they would take them to Texas, and give them another hearing. They ordered one of the McGees to cross his hands for the purpose of tying them. On his refusal, they told him that should either submit or let them go, or their twenty in number, were in attendance at the trial. Whereupon, he told them that he would take his chance, and broke. They fired eight guns at him as he ran, but he escaped, and has not yet been found. It is not known whether he was wounded or not. They then took James Wilburn, Benton Wilburn, Jackson McGee and Bowie McGee, and proceeded to the residence of the McGees, and were there, over twenty in number, were in attendance at the trial. Through the intervention of Mr. Thompson, they liberated James Wilburn, and proceeded over the river. A short time after they crossed the river, a volley of guns was heard, and, shortly afterward, the three, Benton Wilburn and Jackson and Bowie McGee were found near the road, lying on their heads and bodies perfectly riddled with balls. Where this will end, it is impossible to say.

Lynching on Abolitionist in Mississippi.—A correspondent of the Memphis Appeal, writing from Oxford, Miss., on the 7th inst., gives the following account of the manner in which an Abolitionist was lynched:

On Friday night last, a man by the name of Snyder was brought here under arrest, charged with organizing an insurrection among the negroes in the neighborhood of Abbeville, and was tried before the committing court the next day, and discharged. But before he had time to get out of the court-house, a meeting of the citizens was called. Mr. Yancy Wiley was called to the chair, and made some inquiring remarks, which were answered by several of our influential citizens, somewhat recommending mob law, which was received with applause; but this was cooled down by occasional speeches from those opposed to it. After deliberating some two hours, the prisoner agreed to remain in jail one month, to enable him to procure evidence for his innocence, which was put to a vote of the house, and rejected; after which a committee of five was appointed to dispose of the matter. They agreed to accept his proposition, (one month's imprisonment,) and the meeting adjourned. He (the prisoner) left the house for the jail under the care of two constables, but, on arriving at the gate, he was pushed back, when the officers had to release the crowd, which was immediately reformed, and the crowd. They proceeded to the end of the street leading north from the court-house.

When they were about one hundred yards out of the corporation, they left the road about a quarter of a mile, and stopped. The man (Snyder) was asked to strip himself, which he did without a word. He was then asked to acknowledge the crime he was charged with. To this he said he had none to make; that he was innocent, &c. After keeping him naked nearly an hour, and consulting, it was proposed to let him have what he chose, and he was carried back to jail. While after supper, he was demanded of the jailor, who refused to let him out, but upon promising an explanation on the part of the people, he (the jailor) agreed to turn the prisoner out, not having any legal process to imprison him, which was done. He was taken a half-mile from town by a picked crowd, who were watched closely by out-riders. After remaining in the woods about an hour and a half, the crowd (who were sent ahead to look for the prisoner) met at a fence where the prisoner was. He was again told to strip, which he proceeded to do without molestation; but when he was drawing his shirt, it was caught and fastened around his neck with the shivers for a blindfold. A rope was then put about his neck to frighten him, but it had not its desired effect. He was allowed to stand in that position about fifteen minutes, when he was carried to the bottom of a hollow nearest where they were, and tied around a tree. He was told what was their intention: to lynch him until he told something. The lashing was commenced by two, who used straps fastened to sticks about ten inches long. After he had taken one hundred and sixty-seven lashes, he began to know something about it, but not enough to tell the lynch-ers; so they commenced again with two other lynchers, and when the number had reached two hundred and thirty-eight lashes, he told the whole tale, which was this: He was to raise a company of some dozen blacks, who were to be furnished with arms (knives and pistols) by him, and go

to the houses of some of the wealthiest families, and get their money by frightening them. If they failed in this way, they were to kill the men and take it, when they were to get on the cars for Memphis, and then up the river to Indiana. They were to take two white ladies with them, for wives. (He implied that the women were to be taken from the families of the wealthy.) There was no testimony against him, except his confession and that of the blacks. So he was shipped on the cars yesterday morning for the Junction, where he was to start for his home in Indiana. I have learned to-day that he was taken from the cars while they were en route, and confined in jail. I suppose we shall hear from him when the cars arrive here to-day.

From another source, we learn that Snyder has been lodged in jail in a neighboring county to Lafayette, to answer for his offense.

Outrage by Free Negroes.—We learn from the Raleigh Standard, that an outrage of a most aggravated character was perpetrated by some free negroes of Wake County, a few miles west of Raleigh, on Thursday night, the 20th ult., on Messrs. Albert Keith, James Penny, Barney Penny, and Marion Keith, worthy and respectable citizens of that County. We clip the following facts from the Standard:

An outrage of a very aggravated character was perpetrated by some free negroes in this county, a few miles from Raleigh, on last Thursday night. As we have gathered the facts, they are as follows:

Messrs. Albert Keith, James Penny, Barney Penny, and Marion Keith, were patrolling, in the discharge of a duty imposed upon them by the county court. About 12 or 1 o'clock, they visited the house of some free negroes, on the lands of Mr. Beverly from Raleigh, where there was a wedding. They discovered there was a collection of free blacks, slaves and some white folks, fiddling and frolicking generally. This assemblage it was their duty to look after; and in order the better to accomplish their purposes, the three first divided off to different doors, Mr. Keith remaining with their horses at a distance from the house, where there was a wedding. They discovered there was a collection of free blacks, slaves and some white folks, fiddling and frolicking generally. 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